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Dear Jack,

Your experiment worked— I got your letter— and this is the right address. (As you can probably see, I type as badly or worse than ever, although on a very fine Underwood Master, with a 13<sup>th</sup> beam that the UW provides.) I don't know which of my earlier letters you did get, can't even remember whether I wrote once, twice, or more.

I hope you don't take too seriously what you read in Time. Considering what they did to us, I'm just as glad that they didn't drag my name into it, too. The facts are that we were very very lucky, hit on something very hot (sexuality in bacteria) and are both still riding rather high on it. Once in a while I still get insulting letters from some of the bigshots in the field who think we should do the experiments they think up rather than our own, but by and large I think our work is generally accepted. And it is a gold-mine. I don't mean only that it got this very comfortable job for me, where I only have to spend 10% of my time teaching what I like, and most of the rest writing up projects to squeeze money out of Rockefeller and Uncle Sam, but also in the experiments we can do now with bacteria— re the physiology of the gene, pathogenicity, and so on. You remember I was merely on leave of absence from P&S, and was planning to go back there and take my M.D.— but I'm not at all sorry that I chose to come here instead. What I said before was in joking, actually most of my time is in research, and I won't bore you now telling about it.

For the first time, Esther and I have found an apartment (furnished) to live in— have been staying there since Christmas. Landlord trouble— he likes to take vacations over the Winter, we have no one to gripe to. We've been married somewhat over a year now, and if the first year is the hardest, then it's bliss.

Brother Seymour<sup>his</sup> is in the Navy, believe it or not, and is overwintering in Porto Rico, with an ETM-3 on his arm. He's getting out in the Spring and hopes to start at Cornell in the Fall. Meanwhile, he's been boning up on USAFI, and if he had anything to do with it ~~wik~~ would graduate from Cornell in about three months. Maybe he slow up after he gets to like it. His job now is to nurse a transmitter at some desolate station (sans officers) on the island, and from what he writes, it doesn't sound like much work.

I don't know why I'm so loquacious now, when I should be groggy from finishing the nth revision of a review paper I started writing over a year ago. By the time it's in print, it will certainly be out of date. Which reminds me, let me know if you want any reprints of papers on bacteria. They're no models of scientific writing, I can tell you.

That groggy feeling is coming back now though, so I'll close, old bean. Along with your own f4rtunes, send me a brief on Perlow and Mavis if you know anything. Last I'd heard about Arnold he was in Germany, illegally married and liking it there.

Ye old Chucklebunny,